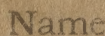


Book



KURTZ BROS.,
Clearfield, Pa.

No. 60



Miss Michie is my Teacher in 1907.

Blue birds

1. Blue-Birds are singing their sweetest
song, out in the lilac tree;
They have been singing there all day long,
Happy as they can be;
Chanting their merriest song of Spring,
Telling of joys soon to be;
Sweetly and clearly their voices now
ring out in the lilac tree.

2. Down on the branches they gaily sing,
Out in the lilac tree;
Some seem to listen while others sing,
Out in the lilac tree;
Sing they of summer and cozy nest,
Sing they of sweet blooming flowers;
Singing of love life the dearest and best,
Out in the wood and bowers.

3. Neura tappier song than this,
Came from the lilac trees;
Ringing with love of the sweet home bliss,
now they so soon shall see;
Neura tappier gayer throng
Chanted for you or for me;
Than the sweet singers now chanting
their song,
Out in the lilac tree.

End.

The old Water mill.

=1=

Down to the mill by the river,
where in my childhood I often wandered,
my thoughts are now turning ever,
Down to that old, old mill.

Chorus.

Dearest of memories cluster around it,
and in my fancy I hear it still,
singing its old song while I am playing,
Down by that old water mill.

=2=

No more the mill-wheel is turning,
no more that old wheel, grass in the pathway,
But for the music I am yearning,
Sing by that old, old mill.

Chorus.

=3=

Wild birds now build on its rafters,

and on the hillside sleeps now the
miller,

silence where once childish laughter

Climmed with that old, old mill.

Chorus.

mountain bells.

1. Where potomac's stream is flowing

virginia's border thus, where the

white sailed ships are going

sailing to the Ocean blue,

burst the sound of mirth and

singing, silent every one,

while the solemn bells are ring-

ing by the trump of Washington.

Chorus.

Tolling and knelling, with a sad

sweet sound, for the wails the tones
are swelling by mount vernans
sacred ground.

2. long ago the warriors slumbered,
our countrys father sleep,
long among the angels numbered
till the serals could have kept,
but the childrens children love him
and his name revere,
somewhere millions wave above him
sweetly still his knell up near,
chairs.

3. Sail, O ships, across the Ocean
and bear the story far;
how he sleeps beneath the willows,
first in peace and first in war;
till while sweet adms are filling
till you come again, then it is

the heart's dulling of his loving
country men.

End.

love and help each other.

1. We should love and help each
other day by day, day by day.
We should raise the fallen brother
on the way, on the way;
for the road is rough at best and we
count each weary mile,
let us cheer the fainting weaver
with a pleasant word and smile.
C.F.O.

We should love and help each
other day by day, day by day
We should raise the fallen brother
on the way, on the way;

2. let us go in series of sorrow
undismayed; undismayed;

